

I AM BURR'S FUN!

Illustrated by
B. Corey
Kilvert.

please send me one. Cousin Bob has one, and when I asked Uncle Tom if he was going to have one he said no; he said the bill for one was all the luxury he deserved for one season. Bob said: "Poor, dear papa, he ought not to complain. I'm sure it was less trouble to pay for this machine than it is to run it."

No one will ride in the machine with Bob except Eggy and me. But it's ripping sport. We went out on the turnpike with him the day after the man who came with the machine went back to the shop, saying that Bob knew it all. That's the same pike Eggy and I walk out to Grandpa's the days Grandma bakes pumpkin pies. We usually see about one hay wagon and one cart with a woman taking eggs and butter to market. That's all. The day we went out with Bob and the machine there was a procession of horses, mules, cows, sheep, and all the best of field. The worst

thing we met was a four horse team, the two lead horses being mules. They didn't do much at first, only shy off to the rail fence, each on one foot, and kick with the other three, while the driver said things you would never think a countryman would have time to learn. Bob slowed up, but the more they saw of the machine the more peevish they were, and the man who was driving them yelled:—"Turn on all your gas and 'lectricity, you dern fool, and get the agony over with!"

Bob turned on everything, including the horn, which made the machine wait to its own music, and then it really was astonishing the things which happened. The mules turned square about, and for out, and mixed themselves up with the harness of the wheel horses, and horses, mules, driver, all began to pull, kick and butt in different directions. Then some cows came up the pike and some sheep, and a dog came down; a family of pigs crawled under the fence from the field and the whole outfit went as silly as a clown. It was like a circus, a horse show and a live stock fair all in one, the animals all trying to see which could make the most noise, raise the most dust and go in the most directions at the same time. Eggy and I screamed with joy, but there was more fun coming. The farmer in front of whose place we were giving all this free show had a drove of turkeys, and, honestly, mamma, those silly beasts came bobbing out of the yard, and instead of being frightened at the machine came right up to it, rubbing as hard as they could—and until one sees a live turkey one doesn't know what rubbing is—and crowded around it as if they were having the time of their lives. That's what Eggy and I were having. Bob was doing everything to the machine he could think of, and saying dreadful things about the man from the shop who had gone back a year too soon; the team driver was shouting at his mules, kicking, pushing, pulling, but they were trying to get into the wagon by that time; the man with the cows was saying over and over that he'd have the law on Bob; the sheep dog was having fits rounding up the silly sheep, the turkeys had formed a ring about the machine, trying to give Bob good advice, it looked like, while he, covered with sweat, oil and dust, was playing leapfrog under, in, out and over the machine.

By this time quite a number of farmers and farm hands had come up and were telling Bob many things which didn't seem to soothe him, and a little school at the cross roads was dismissed so that the teacher and scholars could see the show, and the children were helping the sheep dog make rings about Cousin Bob. Just when some of the pigs got under the mules' feet and were squealing for life, when the dog was barking his head off and the cow man was shouting things about the law until he was black in the face, and things were a flabbergasted that Bob sat down on the side of the road and began chattering strange words—just then grandma drove up.

fit or stay a jump or two ahead, or one First he got Bob to shut off all the while ring things, then he went over to the four horse team and got them untangled in a minute and going down the pike in a whirl. Then he chased the man with the cows on his way, got a farmer to drive the pigs to clover, shoed off the turkeys, whistled the sheep dog on his business, and pretty soon we were alone with him. "Get in and have a ride, Grandpa," said Bob.

"Son," said Grandpa the calls Bob and me Son, "I've been a God fearing and church going man for many years, and it's near the time when the Lord will call me to my reward. I don't intend, after all the sacrifices I've made, to secure a mansion in the skies to send all my chances to the devil by getting into such a convulsed contraption as that. God damn!" he said to the old mare he drives.

"The story is going around, so nobody will ride with Cousin Bob except Eggy and your loving

RAM.



-B-COREY KILVERT-

AND THEN CAME THE APPLE

**Told by
"Chimmie
Fadden"
Edward W.
Townsend**

DEAR Mamma—I don't think very much of this world when a young woman like Mary, who can kick a football almost as far as Mary, hasn't any sense. Though she is the opposite of Mary, as old as she is, except you, that I know. Bob says that it's always the way with girls who haven't any sense—they are always nice. But I said I didn't know about that, and he said I'd learn, but not to ask my papa about it, because he might not like to give his opinion if you read his letters. I guess that's one of the things Bob says just to talk. What makes me feel as blue as a buckteerly pie—which Aunt Jane makes bully—is that Mary, not having any parents, has to earn her living, and her funds don't meet her living expenses. Uncle Tom says that's the worst thing about living expenses; if it wasn't for them a man would have no trouble at all in paying his debts, and putting away a little cash in the bank to help the stock market along.

When Mary got her first month's salary she handed it over to Uncle Tom, proud as she could be, and said, "There's my board." Uncle Tom got as red as cranberry sauce, which Grandma says we'll have slathers of on Thanksgiving, and he said, "Nonsense, child; I can't take this."

Then she said, "You must, or I'll go away. You say I can't teach unless I live here, and I say I won't live here unless I can pay board. So what can we do?"

I said they might put on the gloves, but Bob said, "Let's hang out a sign, 'Boarders Wanted.' Here's Ham's father sending board money for him, and Mary paying out her salary to poor, dear papa. I feel that my allowance should be increased so that I could pay board, too. Then there'd be no deadheads in this desirable family establishment—breakfast furnished if desired."

"You mustn't talk so, Robert," said Aunt Jane. "Hamilton's father sends a check for board because he is an obdurate person who does pikeheaded things and calls them independence. He is truly the most obdurate." Aunt Jane said a lot more things that papa was, but it takes such a lot of fuss to find out how to spell them in the dictionary, I will let it go at that. Aunt Jane said Mary was not obdurate and should not be silly about board, but be a guest and save her salary to buy shirt waists with.

Cousin Bob said he hated not to agree with his dear mamma, but he knew that Mary was everything Aunt Jane said papa was, and more besides, for she was the most obdurate and other long words girl he ever knew, and he could prove it right there in meeting by asking her a question and letting us hear how cruel she would say "No" and think she was being independent.

Mary told him not to be a stupid, and Uncle Tom told us to go about our business, if we had any, and he would take Mary's school and start a Steel Trust with it for the benefit of the Modern American Girl, to teach her the difference between independence and indifference. "Poor, dear papa," said Cousin Bob, and we went out to the barn to see if the cat had caught the rats which eat the feed for the squabs, which Aunt Jane can cook boneless, serve cold, please, in their own meat jelly. Mary said I was not to call her Miss Mary, but Cousin Mary, and I asked her if she was going to let Cousin Bob make her my truly cousin. She said a man who couldn't make his own living couldn't make her anything, and Bob said he made his living by giving his dad something to kill time with. I said how was that, and Bob said, "If poor, dear papa didn't have my idleness to talk about he would soon be bored to death."

So you see, dear mamma, that this is a curious world and women are the most curious of all. But Mary knows a lot, for I tried that apple cure on Pussey the way Mary told me and it worked like a miracle. There is another boy here who likes Pussey Wentworth and I wouldn't mind that if he didn't try to make her like him. That makes me tired. I took a peach of an apple from the cellar barrel and went to Pussey and asked her if she liked apples, and she said, "Yes, please." The other boy looked around the corner and said apples didn't cost anything. I shall certainly attend to that boy one day if he doesn't look out.

I hope that you notice that my spelling is not as unusual as it was. Mary said that not to spell right was worse than not having clean finger nails and that was almost as bad as not telling the truth. I said how was a fellow to know; there were so many ways of spelling that a fellow couldn't always guess the right way, and she asked me what was the

matter with the dictionary. I said it would be all right if it didn't have so many words in it; a fellow might look all night and not come across the word he was looking about. So she showed me a way to master with the dictionary. I said it would be all right if it didn't have so many words in it; a fellow might look all night and not come across the word he was looking about. So she showed me a way to

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VICARIOUS PUNISHMENT.

"If you don't whip that boy, I will!" The mother cried; "the little scamp has broken my best broom-brush. And also the new parlor lamp."

"Come here, my son," the father said. "The naughty boy would pour. The sound of snuff, stamato whacks. With keen distinctness soon arose. Accompanied by porcine sniffs. That punctuated all the blows. The slithering sound of a slipper. A fusillade at war's grim front."

"Now, will you break those things again?" "Ouch! Wow! Boo-hoo! Oh, no, I won't!" The mother could not stand those wails. And mostly rushing in the door. Half choked with frenzied sobs, she screamed, "Oh, please don't whip him any more!" Loud laughter the father, and he roared, "Don't bother us; we've just begun!" And the boy yelled, "Gee, mamma, 'This fakin' is such bully fun!'" The sight the sobbing father saw. Then quickly dried each bitter tear; Her sorrow yielded to surprise, And anger superseded fear.

For there, on hands and knees was dad. While, with slobber in his jaws, The boy was lurching his "pa." And hollering to beat the band. THOMAS B. CRYSTAL.

Was Talking About the Rink.

The Style-She went down twice and— "Friend (trotting in)—Didn't she know how to swim?" The Style—Yes; but she didn't know anything about roller skating.

Life of a Baker's Boy.

THIS life story of Mr. David Barr, the newly elected president of the Methodist Local Preachers Mutual Aid Association, in London, reads like a romance. He left home at twelve to earn his living as a baker's boy. He began his day's work at three A. M. at seven was doing "flat cakes and right" in the streets at Coventry, and finished his day's work at nine P. M. He was afterward in turn shoemaker, railway porter, private secretary, clerk and collector in a warehouse.

SUBMITTED TO ARBITRATION.

TOMMY had been in thought for several minutes. At last he said:—"Father, it's wrong to fight, isn't it?" "Yes, my son," replied the father, pleased to see that his lessons on that subject had not been wasted. "It's wrong to try to settle disputes by resorting to force, isn't it?" "It is, indeed," returned the father. "The whole tendency of modern civilization is to do away with fighting of all descriptions."

"Muscle doesn't count for so much as it used to, does it?" "No, my boy; physical prowess does not rank so high as mental ability in the world of today."

The boy again reflected into thought for a few minutes, apparently pondering his father's words.

"Then, of course, were all for peace now?" he finally said.

"Of course. Perfect peace is the ideal for which we strive."

"And we should strive for that ideal in private and public affairs, shouldn't we?"

"Always."

"That's what I thought," said the boy, reflectively. "Don't you think that we have a good opportunity to apply it now?"

"In what way, my boy?"

"Why, let's arbitrate the question of that looking that you are going to give me after dinner. Everybody arbitrates now."

"It was arbitrated."

Very Pat (gentleman (to street boy)—Boney, can you tell me the quickest way I can get to the station?

Very Naughty boy (after looking him up and down carefully)—I should say you'd better lay down an' roll over 'bout twice.